

Sleep, or the Four Times Nancy and Jonathan Fell Asleep Together and the Fifth Time They Didn't by CasaByers

Series: [Jancy Tropes \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluffy, Friends to Lovers, Kisses, Literal Sleeping Together, Romance, one of those "five times" fics, sleeping, snuggles

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers, so many others....

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-04-22

Updated: 2017-04-22

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:29:36

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,081

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan and Nancy find themselves sleeping together a lot.

Sleep, or the Four Times Nancy and Jonathan Fell Asleep Together and the Fifth Time They Didn't

Author's Note:

hello! I hope folk enjoy this one! it has not been beta'd! Enjoy.

The first time it happened, Nancy had come over to The Byers house on a Saturday afternoon to do homework with Jonathan, well... to help him with his math homework, he had been having trouble with it and Nancy was quick to offer her services. Jonathan had said yes almost too quickly.

So she was sitting on the couch in the living room, she had not been over here that often, but the place did not look the way it did over 6 months ago. That was good. Jonathan was getting her a drink, he had offered her water, cocoa, juicy juice, she decided on the last one, and he got up and darted to the kitchen as fast as he could.

There was music playing low and their textbooks were spread out on the coffee table. She shivered just a bit, ran her hands up her arms, she thought about getting her jacket again. but it was by the door.

Jonathan was walking back with two glasses in his hand, he handed her a glass and she smiled "thank you." She said before she set her glass down. She rubbed her arms again and got ready for him to sit next to her so they could start.

"You're cold?" Jonathan asked.

Nancy looked up, "oh no-" she didn't get to finish, he was darting down the hall already.

Nancy waited, wondered what he was doing. He reappeared with a thick cardigan; it was dark blue, looked worn. "Uh... here." Jonathan walked up to her and gently brought it around behind her and draped it around her shoulders.

Nancy quickly felt warm, pulled it around herself more, and slipped

her arms in the sleeves.

“I hope that helps.” Jonathan said as he rubbed a hand on his pant leg.

Nancy looked up at him, “it does, thank you, let’s get to work.” She patted the cushion next to her.

Jonathan sat down, and picked up his textbook. They got to work.

An hour later, Nancy was yawning lightly and stretching a bit, Jonathan had leaned back on the couch, and his eyes were getting heavy.

Nancy could tell, “hey, no snoozing,” she poked his side; his eyes snapped to her, she smiled slightly.

“I’m not snoozing, resting my eyes,” he smirked slightly, and then he closed his eyes again.

Nancy rolled her eyes, she went back to her book, but she found herself drawn to his body heat, close to her on the couch, she could also rest her eyes, everything she was reading was blur anyway, she sat back and rested her head on the back of the couch.

She shut her eyes and scooted just a little bit closer to Jonathan.

..

When Joyce got home, it was dark outside, just past 10pm, she walked through the front door and was ready to call out to Jonathan, let him know she was home. She froze, she found Jonathon all right, and she raised an eyebrow.

He was on the couch, head resting on the back, legs propped up on the coffee table, and Nancy Wheeler was snuggled up to him with her head resting on his shoulder and her arm across his torso. His arm was wrapped around her waist and his cheek was resting on the top of her head as they both snored softly.

He looked calm and content and Nancy looked like she felt safe and happy.

Joyce felt a flutter in her chest, she felt joy and happiness and a little fear for her sweet boy.

She wondered what she should do, it was 10 pm and she knew that Nancy needed to get home herself, she hated to do it, but she had to wake them. She looked at the image before her once more.

So Joyce turned back to the front door, she opened it, and then she let it naturally shut, it made a low thud sound.

Jonathan jostled first, eyes popping open, Nancy was up next, she sat up slowly, and rubbing at her face a little, Jonathan furrowed his brow as her arm left his torso. Their eyes met.

“Jonathan, Nancy, I didn’t mean to wake the both of you.” Joyce said.

Jonathan’s head snapped to look at his mother, “mom, you’re home?” he asked as he gently let go of Nancy, she sat up fully and he took his feet off the coffee table and sat up, ran a hand through his hair.

There was an awkward moment as the three sat there in silence, and then Nancy glanced at her watch. “Oh I need to get home,” she said as she stood up and started to gather her things and putting them in her backpack.

Jonathan watched her, and then he glanced at his mom who was still standing there. She gave him a look.

Jonathan furrowed his brow and then it dawned on him, he stood up, “hey, let me drive you home.” Jonathan said.

Nancy stopped and looked at him, “okay, and thank you.” He grabbed her backpack from her hand and motioned for her to go ahead.

Nancy smiled as she passed by Mrs. Byers.

“Have a good night, Nancy.” Joyce said as she gave her son another look as he walked past.

Jonathan looked annoyed at her, but grabbed both his own and

Nancy's jacket as they left.

"I'll be back soon, mom." He said as they walked down the steps.

Joyce smiled happily. She had not seen her son look so content and sweet in a long time.

..

The drive was mostly quiet; a rock station was on low on the radio. Jonathon pulled up to the Wheelers house, dark except for the front door lights.

Jonathan shut off the engine and gripped the steering wheel, trying to get up the nerve to say anything.

He opened his mouth and turned to her, "Nanc-" he stopped when she leaned over and pressed a kiss to his cheek, so gentle and soft. He stopped breathing.

Nancy pulled back, she smiled sweetly at him, "thank you for driving me home," she climbed from the car and Jonathan watched her until she was safely inside her house.

He finally started to breath.

~~~~~

The second time it happened, the icy road and snow made driving back to Hawkins from Chicago next to impossible, so much, so that Jonathan had to pull his car off the road far enough so they would stay safe. He shut off the engine and looked over at Nancy who was looking out the window.

"I'm so sorry Jonathan, I shouldn't have asked you to come and get me." She let out a sigh.

Jonathan shrugged, "I don't mind, besides, what were you going to

do? Get stranded in Chicago overnight?” he asked, he had that little grin on his lips, the one he only tossed her way. She wondered sometimes if he knew he was doing it.

“Yeah, but then you wouldn’t be stranded with me.” She replied.

Jonathan shrugged, “I don’t mind,” he said.

Nancy was glad it was dark for she was blushing so hard. He always did that, said little things, and he meant every word. He was too sweet.

“What are we going to do?” she asked as she leaned forward to watch the snow covering the windshield.

Jonathan sighed, “I can’t keep the heater running, we’ll run out of gas, we’ll have to just stay in here until it’s daylight and safer for me to drive, hopefully the blizzard will have stopped.”

Nancy could already feel the chill creeping up. She glanced into the back seat and saw the folded blanket. “Okay, let’s both get in the backseat, huddle together.” She said as she undid her seatbelt and started to climb back.

Jonathan nodded eagerly, he waited until she was back there and then he crawled back himself. They settled in the back, a foot between them. Nancy looked around, this was a big back seat, a thought floated through her mind of how she knew he never used it the way other boys would, and she blushed again.

Jonathan grabbed up the blanket and handed it to her, “here, this’ll keep you warm.”

Nancy started to unfold it, then she scooted closer to Jonathan, “we both need it.” she hoped he got the hint; he did, slowly sliding over to sit closer to Nancy.

She sighed, leaned against his shoulder, she knew they would get cold, but Jonathan was warm, she was content with that thought.

After he took in a deep breath, he finally broke the silence, “how was Chicago?” his voice was low and light, the way it sometimes was

when he was relaxing and talking with her.

She shrugged as she thought about it, “it was okay, I mean the city is beautiful... but I don’t think I want to go to Northwest.” She let out a sigh; she had been going every couple of weeks, checking out the campuses that were within bus distances. Nevertheless, so far she had been having second thoughts. “I was going to check out NYU next month,” she lifted her head to look at him, “would you like to come?” she asked.

Jonathan was looking at her, carefully, “you just want a ride.” He was teasing and the smirk on his face after proved that. Nancy lightly hit his arm, she settled back against his shoulder.

“I’d like to come.” Jonathan finally said.

Nancy hummed lightly, she didn’t want to fall asleep, something about it being cold and dark, she moved to snuggle closer to Jonathan, rested her hand on his chest, felt his heart thumping beneath her palm, it was racing, he was nervous, or excited.

Then he moved his arm so it could be draped around her shoulder, this worked better for her. the last thing she remembered was Jonathon bringing his other arm around her and holding her tight.

..

It was a low tapping sound that woke her, she opened her eyes, it was light out, or so she could tell, the windows were covered in snow, the air was chilled but under the blanket was warm. They had somehow moved in the night, she was almost on top of Jonathan, her legs across his lap; his head was tucked under her chin, arms around her.

Then Nancy got startled, for there was Sheriff Jim Hopper, looking at her through the window, he had scaped the snow away.

“Jon... Jonathan.” She whispered as she gently nudged him, he grumbled and attempted to hold her closer, she almost laughed, but she was embarrassed because Hopper looked amused, he stepped back from watching them.

“Hey,” Nancy poked his rib and Jonathan startled awake, he rubbed at his eyes and looked around, looked at his lap, looked at Nancy.

“What?” He stopped talking when she pointed to the door, he looked over and saw Hopper waving at them.

“Shit.” Jonathan said, he let Nancy remove herself from his lap, he unlocked the door and slid out. Nearly gasping at how cold the air was.

Nancy followed him out. She squinted at the bright sunlight.

Hopper looked between the two of them, “get stranded?” he asked, trying to hide a smirk, which as easy for him.

Jonathan nodded, the sleep finally leaving him, “yes... we were coming back from Chicago... Nancy needed a ride.” He said awkwardly.

Nancy agreed, “Yes, I called him, we got stuck in the blizzard last night.

Hopper nodded, “well good thing you didn’t try driving, smart move, if you can drive, I’ll lead you home.” Hopper said.

Jonathan nodded, “thanks.”

Nancy was ready to go around and get in the passenger seat.

“Nancy, I’ll take you home, you can ride with me.” Hopper suggested.

Nancy hesitated, she looked at Jonathan, she did not miss his slightly deflated look, “sure, let me just get my things.” Nancy said as she started to walk to the car.

Jonathan wanted to glare at Hopper, but he instead climbed into the front seat. He handed Nancy her small overnight bag from the backseat floor, she took it, then she looked around, all the windows in the front were still covered in snow, she leaned over and pressed a kiss to his cheek, missed most of his cheek and got the corner of his mouth.



Jonathan froze, furrowed his brow.

“Thanks for the ride from Chicago, Jonathan.” She whispered before she exited the car with her stuff.

Jonathan sighed softly; he turned on his car, got the windshield wipers going and rolled down his window to get the snow off. He watched her climb into Hopper’s truck and he waited to follow them.

~~~~~

Third time it happened, they were in downtown Indianapolis, with the four boys. there was a special screening of all three Star Wars films that Saturday and Jonathan had offered to take the boys, Nancy decided to tag along.

they left in the morning and spent the day having lunch in a cute diner and touring around the city before the movies were to start. they found seats and the four boys found four in a row, Jonathan and Nancy ended up by themselves farther back, which was fine.

The movies got underway and soon the boys quieted down and as the first notes of John Williams song started up.

Over 7 hours later and an intermission tossed in between the three films, and they were leaving the theater. It was well past midnight by the time the group left. The boys were still excited and talking over each other about the movies, seeing them for the first time on the big screen like this.

Jonathan and Nancy were standing off to the side, watching the boys; Nancy was smiling at how cute and innocent they were.

Jonathan checked his watch; he let out a yawn and stretched a bit, Nancy watched him, “will you be okay to drive back?” she asked.

Jonathan looked at her confused, “oh yeah, just a little tired.” He yawned again, he looked beat.

Nancy sighed, “Do you have some change?” she asked.

Jonathan quickly reached into his jeans pocket and retrieved a

handful of coins; she took them and walked over to a payphone. Jonathan followed, keeping an eye on the four boys as well as her.

She stuck the coins in and dialed a number, it rang a couple times, “hey mom, yeah we’re okay, movies just finished, but it’s late and Jonathan can’t drive back,” she glanced at him and saw him open his mouth to protest, she placed a hand on his chest to silence him. “Yes, I have that money you gave me just in case this happened.” Nancy nodded a little bit, kept her hand on his chest, tried to ignore that Jonathan was leaned into her a little bit. She nodded again, “thanks mom, can you call Mrs. Byers and let her know? Okay thanks.” She hung up, pressed the lever to get any change back.

Jonathan waited for her to talk, Nancy turned to him, “let’s find a hotel for the night.” She gave him a nod and started to walk to the boys.

He watched her as she told them of their plans and the boys and they got excited all over again.

Jonathan wanted to protest again, but the idea of settling in for the night made him even more tired. Yeah, he needed some sleep.

...

They drove to a Holiday Inn, got the last two rooms that were next to each other, both doubles. Nancy ignored Jonathan’s startled look at the idea of him staying in the room with her.

They walked down the hall on the third floor, Jonathan led the way, unlocked the boys room and they charged in screaming.

Jonathan’s eyes got wide, “hey! It’s after midnight, no rough housing, watch tv... don’t order any channels,” he gave them a serious glare, “but try and get some sleep, we’ll be next door.” Jonathan said.

“So, you’ll be staying with my sister?” Mike asked. A chorus of “oooohs” followed from the boys.

Jonathan looked flustered suddenly, a look none of the boys had ever seen on him, “we’re friends... besides it’s a double room... why am I trying to explain...” Jonathan put his hands up and turned and

walked away, shutting the door behind him.

He looked over and saw the other door was open, realizing she had gone into the room already, he followed, closing the door behind him, he looked up and froze.

Nancy stood at the foot of the single queen size bed.

“I think there was mix-up.” Nancy said, she had a shy smile on her face.

Jonathan ran a hand through his hair, “I can go back down and um... ask for another room.” He offered,

Nancy shook her head, “no, it’s okay, we can make it work.” She said with a nod.

Jonathon also nodded, he took a deep breath and decided to just go with it, not fret, they’ve done this before.

“I’m going to take a shower.” Nancy said before she grabbed her purse and made her way to the bathroom.

“Okay,” he said, she closed the door and Jonathan started to pull the ugly quilt off the bed and fold it to lay it on the floor, he walked to the tiny closet and found a blanket, one of those scratchy ones and then he grabbed a pillow off the bed.

After he made himself a little pallet on the floor, he took off his shoes and his jacket, sat on the edge of the bed and turned on the tv. He fidgeted and tried not to think of Nancy in the shower.

He was half-asleep laying back on the bed when he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, his eyes opened slowly and was face to face with Nancy. She was wrapped in her towel and her hair was wet, he thought he was dreaming, then he sat up too quickly and fell off the bed.

“Sorry!” she said, stifling a giggle, she was kneeling on the bed.

Jonathan stood up, “it’s okay, what’s up?” he asked, half tired and trying not to look at her.

"I realized I didn't bring anything to wear to bed. She was blushing now, her soft skin getting flushed.

Jonathan had to blink hard, "oh, I um. I have another shirt in my bag; brought it in case something happened to the other one." He went to his bag and pulled out a white t-shirt.

Nancy took it from him, smiled appreciatively and then she started to pull it over her head, Jonathan watched somewhat startled, as she pulled it down her body, past her thighs and then she pulled the towel out from underneath.

Jonathan's mouth went dry.

Nancy dried her hair some more and then she tossed the towel onto a chair and she pulled the sheets back.

She was wearing his t-shirt and nothing else, he decided he should go to bed. he started to kneel on the floor.

"Hey, don't sleep down there, come up here." Nancy said gently.

Jonathan let out a sigh, part of him was so grateful she said that. The other part, well it wished she would just let him sleep on the hard floor.

First part won out. He stood up and started for the bed, he was about to crawl on top of the covers, Nancy pulled the sheets down for him, "it's okay... and do you normally sleep in your jeans?" she asked.

He shook his head, started to undo the button and the pulled the zipper down, he glanced up and saw her watching him, he felt nervous, it wasn't weird, but the fact that she was watching was slightly unsettling in the most pleasant way.

So he pushed his jeans down and folded them neatly before he set them on top of his jacket on the chair. He made his way to bed and crawled in, laying on his back, he let out a sigh. The bed was comfortable, but he kept a distance between himself and Nancy.

He let out a breath and suddenly Nancy was very much next to him, reaching over him, her face near his, she switched off the lamp,

which was the only reason why.

Then she settled down, but she was right next to him, resting her head on his pillow, she let out a soft breath. Jonathan turned his head to look at her, their noses almost touched.

“hey.”

“hey.”

She let out a small breath, “thanks for the shirt.”

He kept his eyes on her, “of course.”

Nancy licked her lips and his eyes went to them, she sighed again and then she nestled her head against his shoulder, let out a breath. “Good night, Jonathan.”

He let out his own breath, “good night, Nancy.”

...

Nancy’s eyes opened slowly as morning light poured through the window, she blinked and took in a deep breath, and she went to move and realized that more than just the sheets and blanket were on her. She looked down and only saw a mess of brown hair. Jonathan was sleeping with his head pillowed on her right boob, his arm was wrapped around her waist and his leg over her legs.

Nancy smiled slightly; he loved to snuggle in his sleep, which also made her sad because she realized he slept alone. She ran her fingers through his soft and messy hair, and sighed, realizing that they would have to get up soon.

“Jonathan.” She whispered.

He did stir, but instead of waking, he seemed to pull her closer, his hand on her side slid down her tummy and then went under her shirt and slid up, resting with his thumb just against her belly button.

Nancy’s eyes got a little wide, well this was new. And as nice as it felt, she knew she had to wake him, so she rolled a bit, trying to get

out from under him, at least then she could get out of bed, get ready.

And so, turning on her side, he slid off her, and his hand on her tummy was now just on the top of her ass... which she remembered was very much bare. He squeezed her just a bit and nuzzled against her chest.

Nancy slid out from his grip, reluctantly; she really did not want him to wake up like this. She knew he would be mortified, panic and think she hated him now.

She climbed from bed, fixed her shirt and padded to the bathroom.

Jonathan woke up to the sound of the bathroom door closing, he sat up slowly, rubbed at his eyes, he realized that Nancy was not in bed, he let out a sigh and then checked his watch.

He had not slept that well in a long time. He smiled slightly when he remembered how soft Nancy was and how good she smelled. Then his eyes got wide, he hoped he did not do anything stupid. He groaned at himself.

Nancy reappeared; she had changed back into her street clothes. "Hey, sleepy head." She said sweetly.

"Good morning, um I want to apologize if I overstepped-" he didn't get to finish because Nancy had stepped closer and leaned over and planted a simple kiss to the tip of his nose.

"I'm going to get the boys up, so we can check out," she said before she disappeared out the door.

Jonathan sat there speechless; he collapsed back on the bed and rolled onto his side, confused, happy and just a little frustrated.

~~~~~

Fourth time it happened, Jonathan was awoken from his dreamless sleep to light tapping on his window. He rolled over and sat up, the light from outside illuminated his room and who was outside, he

wasn't scared, if it had been anything menacing, it wouldn't be tapping on the glass lightly.

He crawled off his bed, tripped over something, made it to the window. He opened it up and was looking at Nancy, she looked a little scared, cold and wet, as it was raining out.

"Nancy?" he asked but he was quickly helping her climb into his room, he shut the window and turned to her.

Nancy looked at him, she let out a soft gasp, "I'm sorry I came over but I had this nightmare and I couldn't wake up... and when I did I just..." she was starting to cry and Jonathan quickly engulfed her in a protective hug.

"It was just a dream... I got you." He whispered into her hair.

Nancy sighed softly, she rested her head on his chest, heard his steady heartbeat. "Can I stay here tonight?" she asked softly.

"Of course, I have a shirt you can change into." He gently rubbed her arms down, grasping her fingers gently before he started for his closet.

Nancy watched him, she sighed with relief, she had practically ran through the woods, it was stupid, but she was so scared and confused, she needed to know that her nightmare was only that... that she wasn't stuck in it.

Jonathan reappeared with a flannel button down shirt, "it's all I could find, but it's warm." He stammered. She took it and squeezed his hand.

He walked past her and crawled back onto his bed, when he looked up at her, she was pulling her wet shirt over her head, and he could not tare his eyes away. Her back was too him and she was not wearing a bra.

He swallowed thickly and dropped his gaze. He looked up again as she pulled the flannel on and then she pushed her sweatpants down her legs, she turned around to him and he nearly choked on the air because she had not buttoned the shirt.

He dropped his gaze again, as she crawled onto the bed, “I don’t mind if you look, Jonathan.” Nancy said softly.

His eyes went to her quickly at her words, he furrowed his brow as he watched her pull the covers up. She was resting her side looking at him.

He finally settled down, facing her, he reached his hand over to cover hers. She squeezed back. He did not know how to reply to her words, so he just leaned forward, pressed a kiss to the corner of her mouth, and settled onto his pillow. “Good night, Nancy.” He whispered.

~~~~~

The fifth time it happened, Jonathan was dropping Will off at the Wheeler's for a sleep over and all night campaign, it was Friday night and Jonathan planned on heading back home. but as Mike and Will ran down the stairs to the chorus of cheers from the other two boys, Nancy appeared on the steps.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

He gave an awkward little wave, and she walked down the stairs towards him.

He noticed she was dressed in her sleeping clothes, loose fitting pants and an oversized t-shirt.

“Do you want to come up stairs?” she asked.

Jonathan looked around the foyer nervously, he furrowed his brow.

Nancy smiled slightly, “my mom and dad are in Indianapolis with Holly visiting our grandparents.” Nancy said softly.

Jonathan looked at Nancy then, “oh.”

“yeah, oh.” She reached for his hand, “c’mon.” she gently pulled him along behind him, he had reached and locked the front door before he was too far away.

..

Her room was warm, lit only by the lamp, he entered and turned around just as she was closing and locking her bedroom door. Jonathon felt nervous, excited and nervous.

“when do your parents get back?” he asked.

Nancy walked up to him, “Sunday,” she looked him over, “is your mom home alone?” Nancy asked.

Jonathon shook his head, “she’s on a date, guy she knew back in high school.” Jonathan replied, he looked a little annoyed by it, but it was just his protective side.

Nancy thought it was cute, among other things.

“that’s nice thought, she needs to enjoy life.” She said, hoping it would make him feel better.

He nodded and then he looked back at her t-shirt, “is that my shirt?” he asked finally, it had been bothering him since he saw her. Stirred something inside of him.

Nancy blushed, she’d nearly forgotten, “yes... from when he stayed at the hotel.” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan nodded, “I remember.” His voice was also a whisper. His eyes roved over her before he looked away.

Nancy was feeling bolder and decided to keep going with her little plan. The one she had thought up when she found out the house would be empty and the boys would be two floors below.

“I was thinking maybe you’d like to spend the night?” Nancy asked.

Jonathan looked at her with a raise brow, then he smirked, “like a sleep over?” he was teasing, but he knew what she was asking.

Nancy narrowed her eyes at his teasing, but she nodded, “yes... a sleep over.”

Jonathan glanced at her bed, “yeah, okay.” And he started to take his jacket off.

Nancy smiled, pleased, so far so good.

She walked to the side of her bed to pull the covers back.

“You know it’s only 7:30... we’re really going to sleep this early?” Jonathan asked as he kicked off his boots.

Nancy looked at him, he wasn’t looking at her, he was trying to find a place to put his boots.

Nancy walked up to him, waited for him to stand up and then she gently got on her tip toes and pressed a kiss to his lips. He froze. “I don’t want to sleep, Jonathan.” Nancy whispered.

She stepped away from him and she proceeded to shimmy out of her pajama bottoms and climb onto her bed.

She sat there, “coming?” she asked.

Jonathan was sort of shell shocked, he finally blinked, he undid the button and zipper of his jeans and kicked them off before he climbed across the little bed and was looking at her.

“No sleeping?” he murmured.

Nancy shook her head and started to pull the shirt she was wearing, his shirt, over her head.

Jonathan’s eyes dropped to the newly exposed skin, she could see him visibly freeze up. Nancy blushed before she gently tugged on the collar of his shirt to get him to lie down with her on the bed.

They had a long night ahead of them.

~~~~~

FIN

**Author's Note:**

how about it? i thought the ending was an okay place to stop (not literally) hope ya'll enjoyed it! Thanks!